Twenty-five Hymns

FOR USE IN

Time of War

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1917

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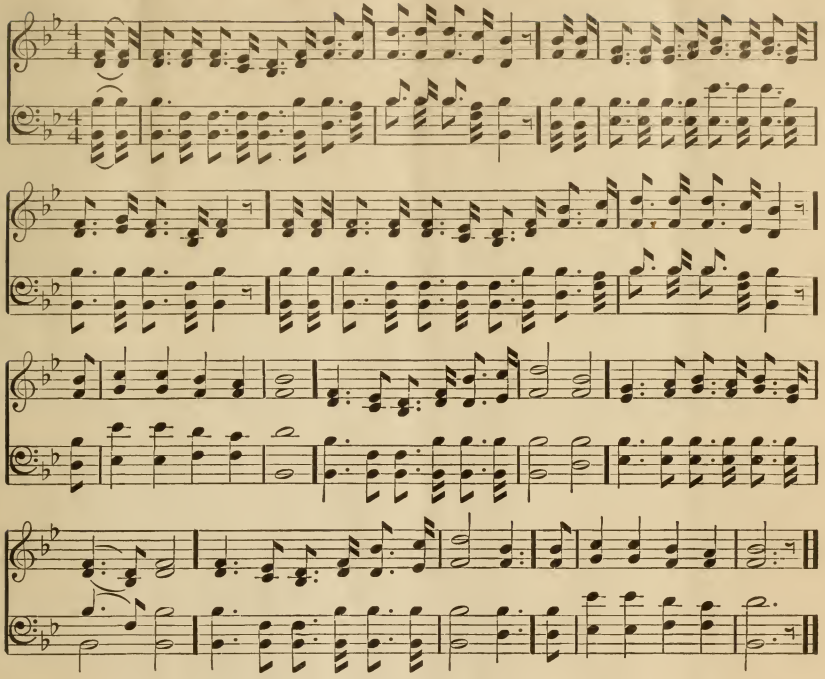
THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

ANON.



I. *'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat,
O be swift, my soul, to answer him: be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

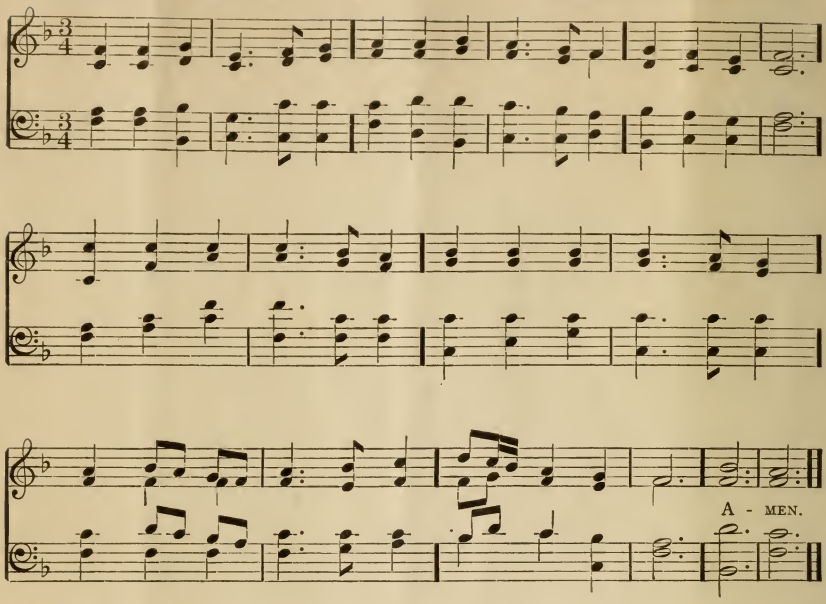
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1861.

AMERICA. 6.6.4.6.6.4. HARMONIA ANGLICANA, C. 1743.



2. *My Country, 't is of thee.*

My country 't is of thee,—
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
  Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,—
  To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1832.

3. *Our Country.*

God bless our native land.
Firm may she ever stand
  Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
  By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee,
  On thee we wait!
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
  God save the state!

Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
  On thee we call!
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family!
  God save us all!

Composite: based on
CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS
and JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

4. *International hymn.*

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
  One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
  We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
  Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion, cease,
Come, victories of peace;
Nor hate nor pride's caprice
  Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea and wide
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
  Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green,
With bonds of peace serene
  And friendship spann'd.

Now may our God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
  Both east and west.
Let love more fervent glow
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
  Blessing and blest.

GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

5. *God bless our land!*

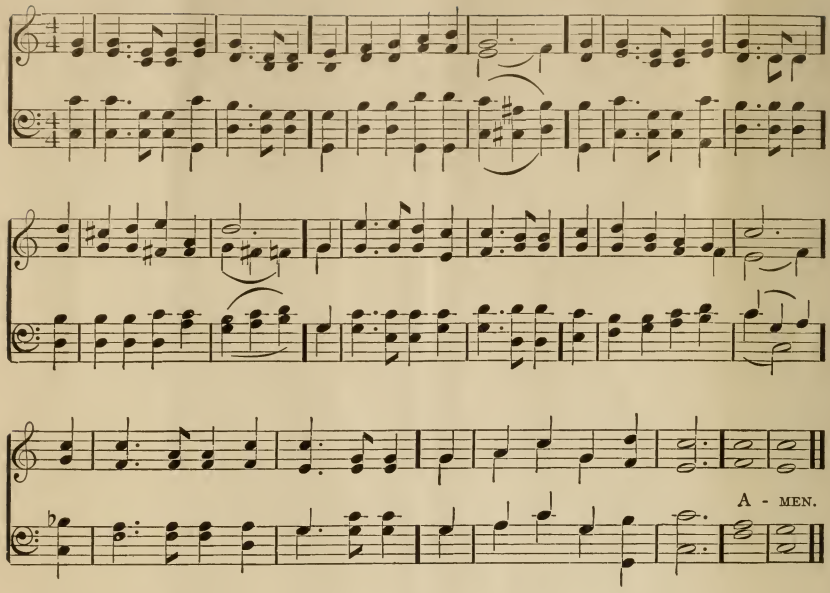
God bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
  Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And all our rights depend
  On war no more.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
  And peaceful reign.
Home of the brave and free,
Stronghold of liberty —
We pray that still on thee
  There be no stain.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
  From shore to shore;
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
  The wide world o'er.

WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON, 1836.

MATERNA. C. M. D. SAMUEL AUGUSTUS WARD, 1882.



6.

'America, the beautiful.'

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

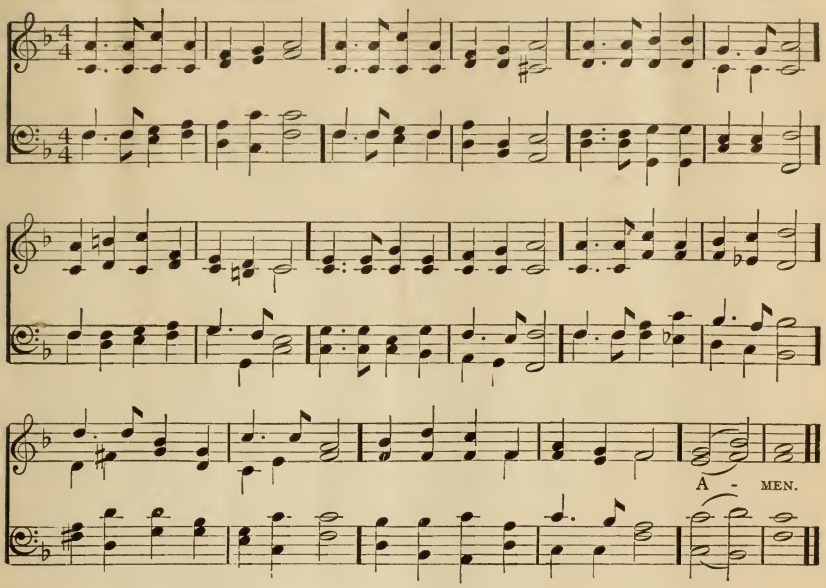
O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHERINE LEE BATES.*

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7· GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1858.



7. *'Hymn for America.'*

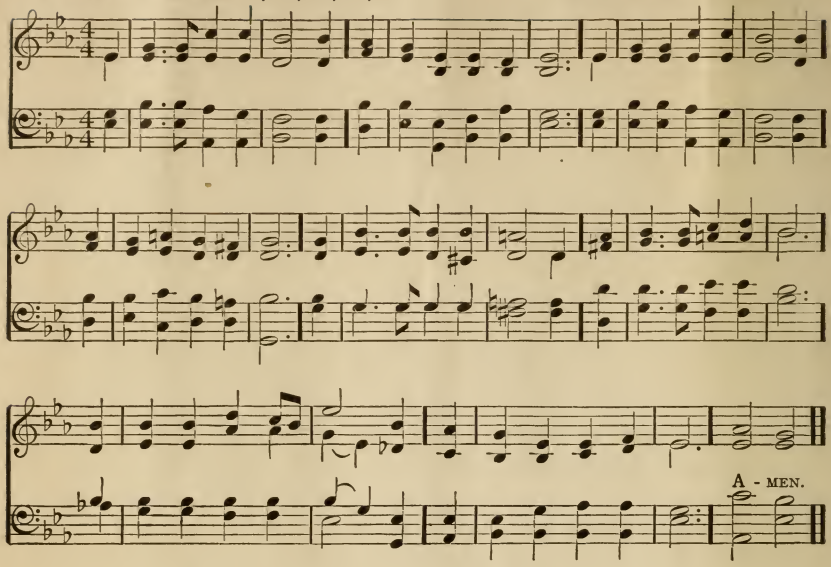
Great and fair is she, our land,
High of heart and strong of hand;
Dawn is on her forehead still,
In her veins youth's arrowy thrill.
Hers are riches, might and fame;
All the earth resounds her name;
In her roadsteads navies ride:
Hath she need of aught beside?

Power Unseen, before whose eyes
Nations fall and nations rise,
Grant she climb not to her goal
All-forgetful of the Soul!
Firm in honor be she found,
Justice-armed and mercy-crowned,
Blest in labor, blest in ease,
Blest in noiseless charities.

Unenslaved by things that must
Yield full soon to moth and rust
Let her hold a light on high
Men unborn may travel by.
Mightier still she then shall stand,
Moulded by thy secret hand,
Power Eternal, at whose call
Nations rise and nations fall!

WILLIAM WATSON, 1910.

O BONA PATRIA. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



Alternative Tune: Aurelia or Ewing.

8.

'O Beautiful, my Country.'

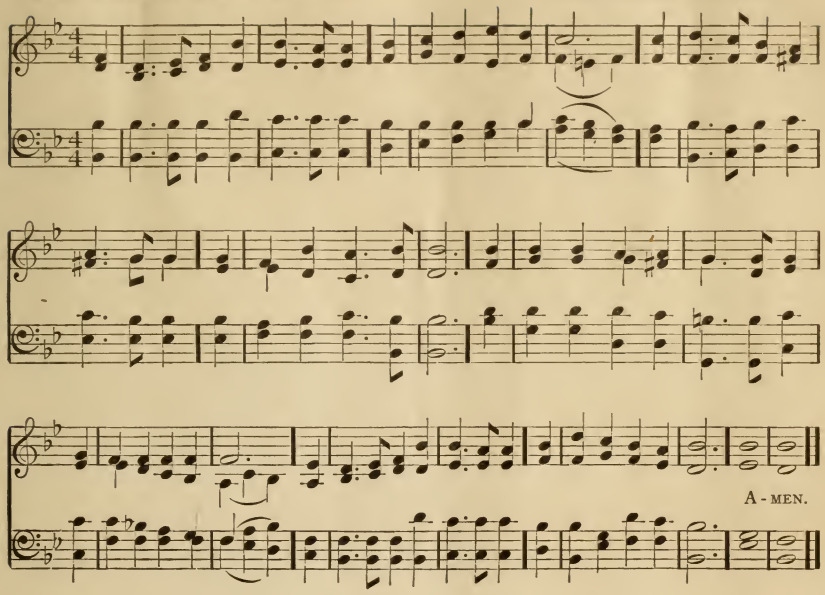
'O Beautiful, my Country!'
  Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
  Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
  The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppresséd
  Fair freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered;
  For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
  Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
  Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
  Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!
  Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
  The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy scepter,
  Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
  Be peace the crowning gem!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1884.

ALL SAINTS NEW. C. M. D. HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, 1872.



Alternative Tune: Coronation.

9.

The Lord of all.

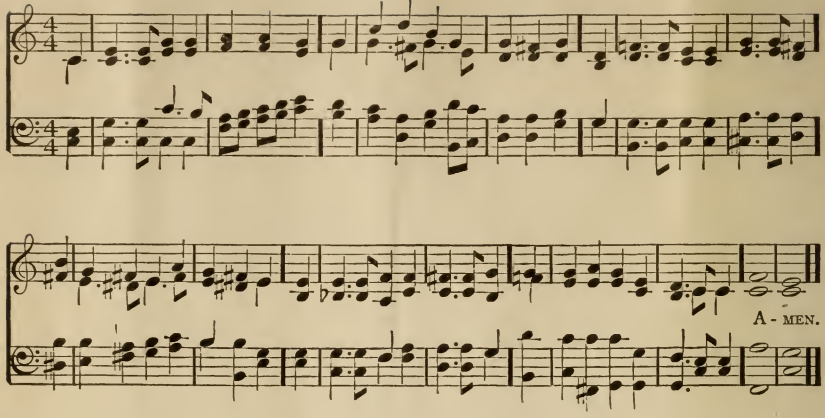
Sing forth his high eternal name
  Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same, —
  The mighty Lord of all.
His goodness, strong and measureless,
  Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless, —
  The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
  Our strong defense and wall;
His providence our life surrounds, —
  The saving Lord of all.
He every thought and every deed
  Doth to his judgment call;
O may our hearts obedient heed
  The righteous God of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
  Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise, —
  The pardoning Lord of all.
Unwearied he is working still,
  Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, loving, righteous One,
  The only Lord of all.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

MELITA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



10.

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897.

11.

Lord God of hosts, Whose purpose sure
  Stands firm above our mortal strife,
Whose will for ever shall endure
  For Brotherhood, for Love, and Life;
Helpless without thy help, we pray,
Empower us in this battle-day.

Within thy hands the nations are,
  By thee they wane, by thee increase,
Thou scourgest with the rod of War,
  Thou healest with the wand of Peace;
Reborn in this dark hour of pain,
Renew our strength of soul again.

O God, forgive our sins of ease,
  And ere this time of war be done,
May all the nations on their knees
  Confess that thou art God alone;
Show us that Love not Hate is might,
And crown, O Lord, the cause of Right.

H. D. Rawnsley.

12.

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War thy will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.
  Nations may rise and nations fall,
  Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

When death flies swift on wave or field,
Be thou a sure defence and shield!
Console and succour those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all!
  O, hear a people's prayers for those
  Who fearless face their country's foes.

For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony —
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch, and make them whole again!
  O, hear a people's prayers, and bless
  Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those to whom the call shall come
We pray thy tender welcome home.
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to thy love at last.
  O, hear a people's prayers for all
  Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal —
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death.
  And in thine own good time, Lord, send
  Thy Peace on earth till time shall end!

John Oxenham.

13.

'For those at sea.'

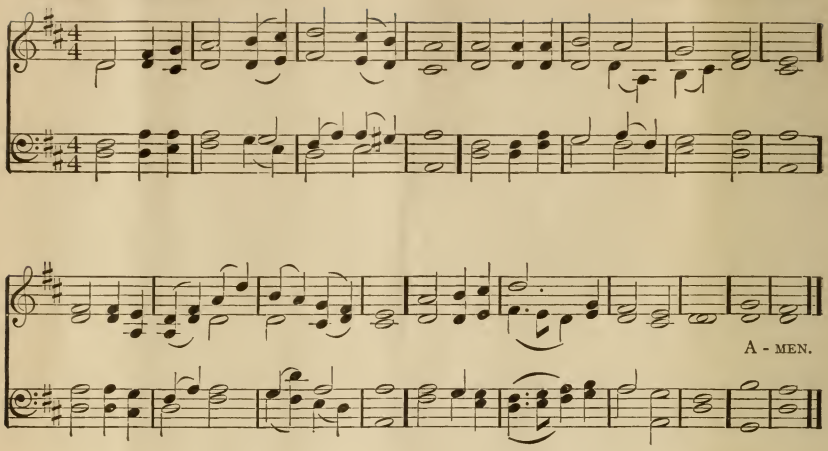
Eternal Peace, whose word of old
  In the great basins poured the main,
And shut within their rocky fold
  The unnumbered flocks of ocean's plain:
O hear us! while the billows roar,
For those who sail from shore to shore.

Great God, whose path upon the deep
  Is still unknown, but who didst keep
Thine ancient people, when the wind
  And Egypt followed fast behind;
O hear us, when our prayers to thee
Ascends for those we love at sea.

O thou, who for the psalmist made
  The storm a calm, and brought him through
The surging ocean unafraid,
  Unto the home he longed to view:
To all who sail the waters rude,
Give equal trust and fortitude.

Stopford Augustus Brooke, 1891.

DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON, 1793.



14.

Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong and free.

Praise to our God; the vine he set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide his heritage!

JOHN ELLERTON.

15.

Almighty Father, who dost give
The gift of life to all who live,
Look down on all earth's sin and strife,
And lift us to a nobler life.

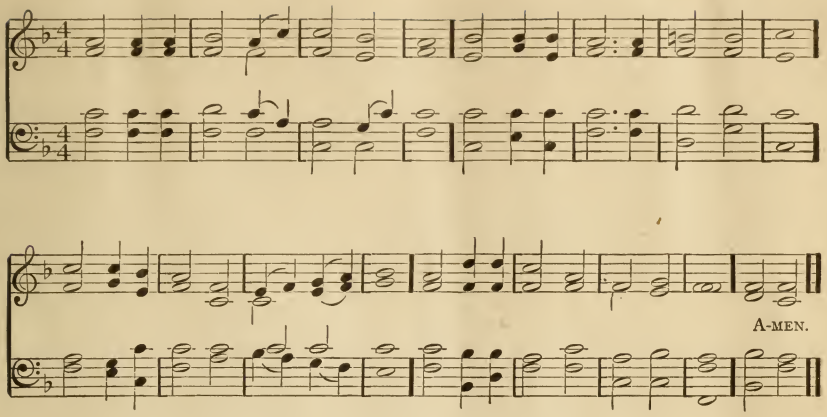
Lift up our hearts, O King of kings,
To brighter hopes and kindlier things,
To visions of a larger good,
And holier dreams of brotherhood.

Thy world is weary of its pain,
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honor, falsely strong,
And all its ancient deeds of wrong.

Hear thou the prayer thy servants pray,
Uprising from all lands to-day,
And o'er the vanquished powers of sin,
O, bring thy great salvation in.

J. H. B. MASTERMAN.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832.



16.

Hymn for Airmen.

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Through the great spaces of the sky,
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storm or sunshine fair.

Thou who dost keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight,
Thou of the tempered winds be near,
That, having thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds, with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land:
Grant steadfast eye and skilful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space
Uphold them with thy saving Grace.
O God, protect the men who fly
Through lonely ways beneath the sky.

MARY C. D. HAMILTON.

17.

Army Hymn.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King;
Behold the sacrifice we bring;
To ev'ry arm thy strength impart:
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

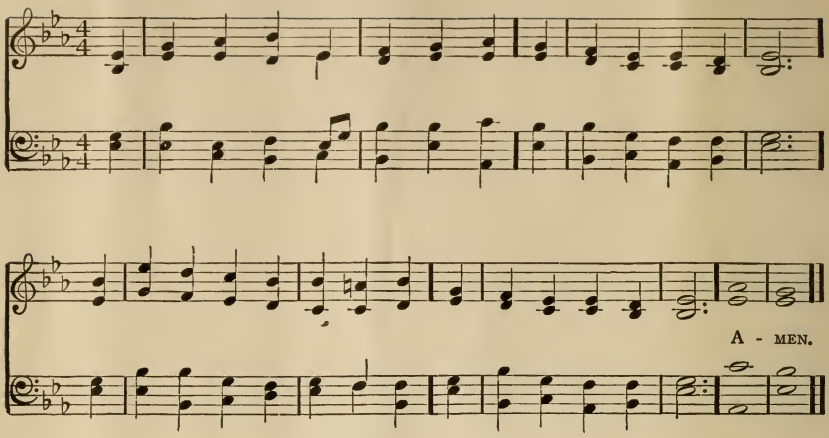
Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the shining flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DUNDEE. C. M. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



18. *Rise, God!*

Rise, God! judge thou the earth in might,
  This wicked earth redress!
For thou art he who shall by right
  The nations all possess.

Before thee righteousness shall go,
  Thy royal harbinger.
Then wilt thou come, and not be slow;
  Thy footsteps cannot err.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
  Shall bud and blossom then,
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
  Look down on mortal men.

The nations all whom thou hast made
  Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
  And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great
  By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thine everlasting seat,
  Remainest God alone.

Adapted from JOHN MILTON'S Paraphrases of the Psalms.

19. *We fight for truth, we fight for God.*

O God of truth, whose living word
  Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord,
  Enslaved by sin and death!

Set up thy standard, Lord, that we
  Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with thee to smite the lies
  That vex thy groaning earth.

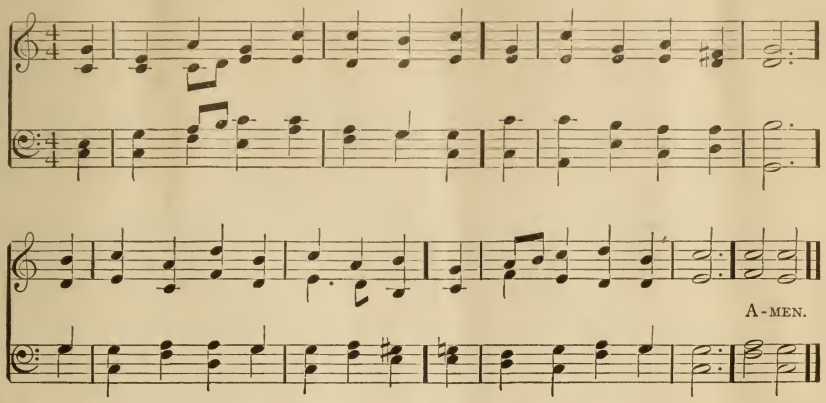
We fight for truth, we fight for God,
  Poor slaves of lies and sin.
He who would fight for thee on earth
  Must first be true within.

Thou God of truth, for whom we long,
  Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
  And slay the falsehood there.

Yea, come! then tried as in the fire,
  From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us
  And we shall live in thee.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1861.

ST. ANNE. C. M. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708



20. *'Man frail and God eternal.'*

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

21. *Our Dwelling-place forever.*

O God, while generations flee
Like leaves before thy face,
Through endless ages thou wilt be
Thy children's dwelling-place;

Great Shepherd of the countless flock,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Their cheering sun, their sheltering rock,
Their everlasting home.

Our sainted fathers — where are they?
They slept, they woke in thee,
And here in memory's light to-day
They walk serene and free.

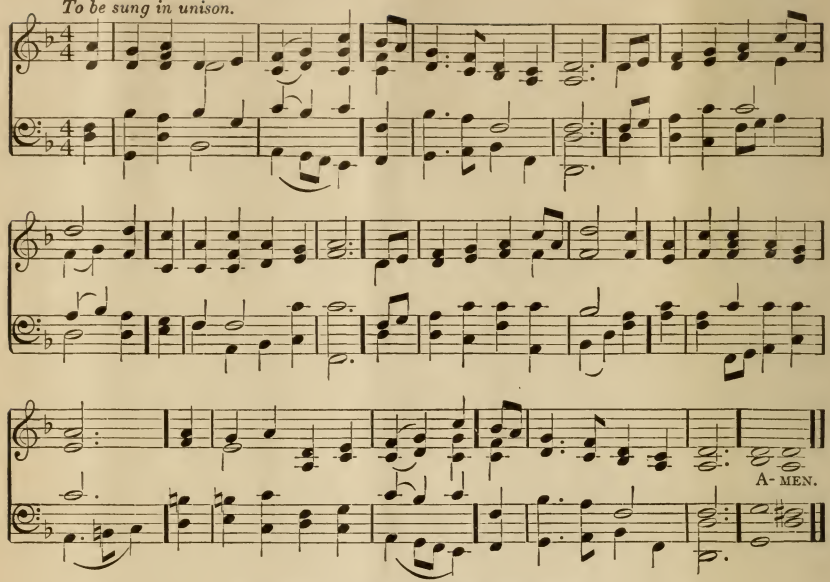
O Thou who led'st our sires of old,
Their grateful children lead;
Thy flock in shelter safe enfold,
In sunny pastures feed.

Still guide our footsteps in the way
That climbs the morning height,
Thy law, O God, our cloud by day,
Thy love our fire by night.

ANON., 1889.

KINGS LYNN. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. TRADITIONAL ENGLISH MELODY.

To be sung in unison.



By permission of the Committee of the English Hymnal.

Alternative Tune: Tours.

22.

O God of earth and altar.

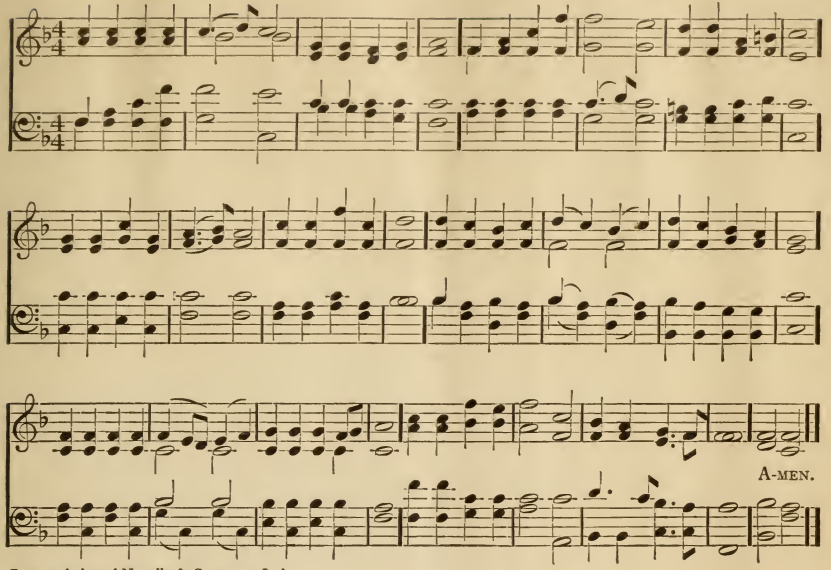
O God of earth and altar,
  Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
  Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
  The swords of scorn divide,
Take not thy thunder from us,
  But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
  From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
  That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
  Of honor and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
  Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether
  The priest and prince and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
  Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
  Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
  A single sword to thee.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1871.



By permission of Novello & Company, Ltd.

23.

'Forward through the ages.'

Forward through the ages,
  In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
  At the call divine:
Gifts in differing measure,
  Hearts of one accord,
Manifold the service,
  One the sure reward.

Cho. Forward through the ages,
  In unbroken line,
  Move the faithful spirits
    At the call divine.

Wider grows the kingdom,
  Reign of love and light;
For it we must labor,
  Till our faith is sight.

Prophets have proclaimed it,
  Martyrs testified,
Poets sung its glory,
  Heroes for it died.

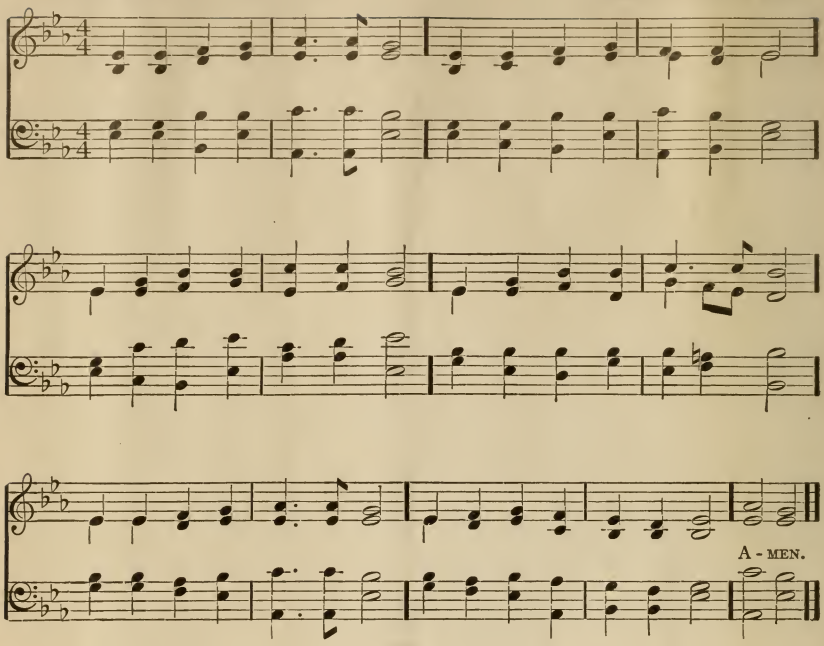
Cho. Forward, etc.

Not alone we conquer,
  Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
  Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
  In one living whole,
Move we on together
  To the shining goal!

Cho. Forward, etc.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1908.

GETHSEMANE. 7·7·7·7·7·7. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



24.

God our defense.

When thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before thee here,
Feeling thee, their Father, near;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
To their help thy Spirit send.

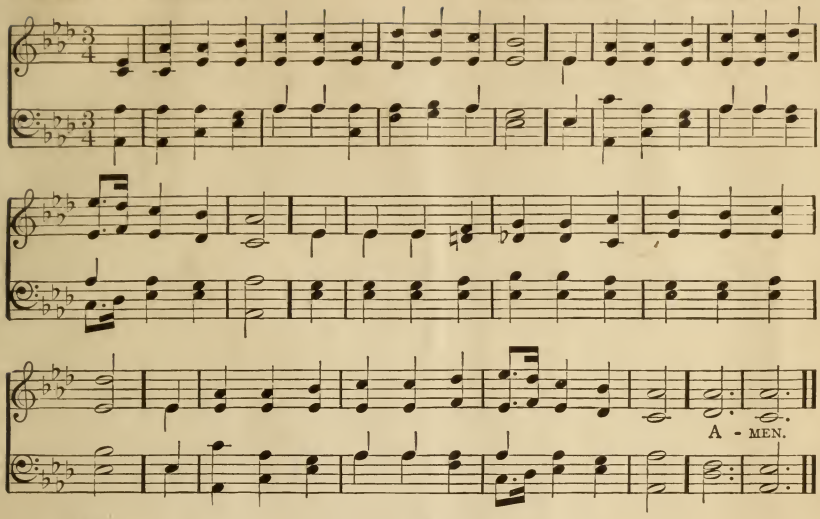
When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal thy wisdom lend.

When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride;
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These thy children, Lord, defend:
Teach their souls to thee to bend.

When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

FRANCES MARY OWEN, 1872.

LYONS. 10.10.11.11. Arr. from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN.



25.

Hear, O ye Nations!

Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of to-day!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns a new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar, and school, the mill, and the mart,
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-builded state.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle-flags furled.
The high court of nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good will!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1909.